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as well as the treaties both of Luneville and Presburg.

In the Austrian, and likewise in the Spanish war of succession, the Tyrol failed not to perform its important part. The two heroes, Maximilian Emanuel of Bavaria, who had distinguished himself on the re-conquering of Vienna, the protector of Hungary; and also Vendome the worthy offspring of Henry IV, had agreed to concentrate their armies in the centre of the Tyrol, intending to march along the banks of the Drave, and render assistance to the forces of Ragotzy, who were hovering round Vienna, and had already laid waste that part of the country called *Marchfield*. But this decisive measure of destruction was frustrated in the Tyrol, on the very spot rendered memorable during the campaign of 1809! Time had been gained for the battle of Blindheim, in the same way, that seventy years previously, the victory of Nordlingen had been obtained. Charles VII, had been already crowned at Prague; Linz, in 1741, acknowledged his power, and *Theresa* the *great* had fled from Vienna, towards Presburg; the troops, however, of *Maillebois* and *Gages* were unable to make any impression in invading the Tyrol, with the view of affording assistance to Charles. The Tyrolians in the mean time, made an incursion into Bavaria, and afforded *Traun*, the opportunity of preparing for the battle of Camposanto, while *Kaunitz* concluded a treaty at Worms, with the court of Turin, entering also into a negociation with England.

The glory of the Tyrolian was at its zenith, when governed by a native prince of the house of Habsburg,

he felt an internal pride of honest independance, rendering him individually an object in the state; of these halcyon days, his memory "still haunts the greenest spot," when comparing the change his country has undergone, and that he himself has become a "mere instrument" in the hands of an alien prince. In 1665, the Tyrol was incorporated with the Austrian empire, and universal was the grief at the death of the last regal descendant, the archduke Sigismund Francis; for though the emperor Leopold, on assuming the sovereignty of the country, swore to preserve the constitution, and which, with few exceptions, he adhered to; though he encouraged the working of the mines, founded a University at Inspruck, and for the most part elected natives to the different official situations, yet, no concessions could administer consolation to the people, for the loss of their independance..

The lingering vestiges of the freedom and liberty of ancient times, were effaced during the lenient government of Theresa. This princess, soon after the peace of Aix-la-chapelle, introduced an ameliorated system of taxation, and instituted local tribunals for the protection of the subject, against the oppression of the nobles, thus following the example of those noble Romans of old, Crispus and Crispinus; and by summoning to her court the nobles from their castles, and provinces, to wait attendance in her antechambers, Theresa effectually destroyed the supremacy of the aristocracy. It is true, that the farmer and peasant were already free, which rendered the establisment of the tribunals superfluous; "yet, how often does it occur, that the

mind is satisfied with the semblance of uniformity, where in fact no unity exists!"

The most simple and the cheapest mode of government is best adapted for this mountainous country, affording therefore little preferment or gratification to placemen; no other prevailing line of politics should be pursued, than that consonant with its political and military situation and importance; speculative financial measures should never be attempted, but the Tyrol considered like a citadel, for whose steady maintenance, the momentary loss even of the capital, and the upper Italian territories, might be disregarded; as their recapture is easily attainable, as long as one strong hold is maintained.

In the European christian republic of Henry the IV, it was a favorite scheme, the union of the Tyrol with Switzerland, both countries preserving a strict and constant neutrality in all continental warfare; and though the name of Joseph II, is in the Tyrol, as well as other countries, in high repute, yet in this land as wel as in Belgium, strong evidence has been adduced, how much power, an ignorant and fanatic clergy possess, in leading astray the populace from their own essential and intellectual interests.

For nearly a century, that is from 1703 to 1796, no hostile foot trod Tyrolian ground. The country connected only with the Austrian empire towards Carinthia by the narrow defile of the Drave, and on other sides surrounded by republican, spiritual, temporal, and imperial states, as Venice, the Grisons, Valteline, Bavaria, Salzburg, and Augsburg, thus enjoyed from its isolated

situation, important advantages, which prevented its sharing the fate of Bohemia or Galicia. Traffic caused the country to flourish, and the high roads through the province were advantageous to agriculture and grazing; the fair also at Botzen had considerably increased in notoriety. Some remains of the ancient privileges still existed, and though unimportant, were held dear by the people; these after the war, which passed under the assumed name of the "war of liberation," were entirely lost sight of, being exchanged, like sterling money, into the dear and base coinage of the "*Diet, an assemblage, which may be compared to a pagoda or automaton—senseless and without power.*"

During the first Italian compaign of Buonaparte, from April 1796 to April 1797, the Tyrolians, in accordance with their ancient charter, were summoned to take up arms; the young general flushed with victory menacing them from Tortona with fire and sword; which served, as an additional impulse to their ardor. Four armies sent to the assistance of Mantua, and the reconquest of Lombardy, had been entirely routed. Repeated misfortunes, and particularily bad generalship, had loosened the bonds of military discipline. When Naples had fallen, and the king of Sardinia, together with the pope had been compelled to make peace, Buonaparte advanced within a few days march of Vienna, the left wing of his army, under the command of Joubert, stretching through Brixen, and the plains of Sterzing, crossing the valley of the Drave, reached Carinthia, after having been engaged in several severe encounters with the Tyrolians; but which, when placed in

competition with the actions of 1799, 1800, and 1805, and the glorious events of 1809, do not merit any detailed account. A band of patriots, headed by *Proveditor Battaglia*, had been formed under the representation and belief, that the opportunity had then arrived for the re-establishment of the honor and independance of the country: that by the forced marches of the archduke Charles from the Rhine; through the insurrection in Hungary; and by the Tyrolians and Crotians, who had retaken Trieste; Buonaparte might be considered as surrounded in the mountains of Styria, and that the "knell of retribution had already tolled" for the performance of a counterpart to the *Sicilian Vespers*. The Tyrolians under the conduct of the young count of Neipperg having advanced to Verona, decided the revolt of the *Terrafirma* §; but at this critical period Buonaparte signed the preliminaries of peace at Leoben. Venice with the country as far as the Adige belonged to Austria, as well as that part of the Tyrol adjacent to the Cisalpine republic, surrounded by the Austrian territory, as also the south and south-eastern districts, and was likewise connected with the empire on the north-east. The secret treaty of *Campoformio* consigned to Austria, Salzburg and Bertholsgaden; the river Inn and fortress of Wasserburg, forming the boundaries; and from hence arose the annihilation of Bavaria, that part of the country between the Inn, the Lech and the Danube, being thus rendered more readily accessible to Austria, which had already forcibly possessed itself of the most beautiful portion of ancient Bavaria.

§ originally part of the Venetian states.

In the year 1800, the second war of coalition was terminated in Italy, by Buonaparte obtaining the victory of Marengo; and in Germany by Moreau, at the battle of Hohenlinden. The peace of Luneville, and the arrangement regarding the German indemnification incorporated with the Tyrol, both Trent and Brixen, and though these bishoprics had been for a length of time reduced, partially by arbitrary power, and partially by means of the press, into a state of mere freeholds, yet, the claims of the bishops to possession were of earlier date, and more legitimate, than that of the family of Görz or Habsburg.

The third war of coalition was rendered futile in less than a month, by a series of ignominious capitulations, enabling Buonaparte, between the 15th of October and the 13th of November 1805, to again enter Vienna. The disgrace acquired at Ulm, was considerably increased during the October of the following year, by the defeats at Jena and Auerstädt; and through the conduct of the commanders of the Prussian fortresses. After the battle of Austerlitz, which was fought near the tomb of *Kaunitz*, the Tyrol, with Venice, and the adjacent territory was severed from Austria, and annexed to the kingdom of Bavaria. This act of disunion caused decided satisfaction to the *Etats*, as confirmatory of the new constitution of 1797.

After the capture by surprise of Passau by the Austrians, and in the course of the general indemnification and secularization of Germany, Talleyrand spoke without reserve regarding the line of policy to be pursued by France towards Bavaria, and from 1803 to

1805 the country was principally indebted to France for the strength and power requisite to ensure its security and independance. Austria, on the contrary, during the centuries it claimed a right over the kingdom, was accustomed more to deprive it of, than confer upon it, any benefit. At the close of the war in 1815, when Bavaria had lost 30,000 men in the Russian campaign, with the *material* of the army to an immense extent, and had again raised 60,000 troops ready for the field; constantly exhibiting a determination not to shrink from any sacrifice in promoting the political interests of the country, to which it was attached; and according to the promises received, anticipating possession of the territories contiguous to the state; instead of which the distant circle of the Rhine was allotted to the kingdom, which exclusive of being subjected to many inconveniences, rendered the country in a military point of view totally insecure both in the *flank* and *rear*. Indeed, it may be here remarked, as a fact worthy the attention of Germany as well as the Swiss confederations and France, that the possession of the Brenner and Adige, could only in part render Bavaria safe; the king might have been, as he could now, by the forced march of troops through the Tyrolian defiles of *Aachenthal* and *Scharnitz* during *a single summer's day*, be taken by surprise in his castle at Munich, without time to save his person by flight; much less, the treasures of the kingdom; Austria also could carry on an uninterrupted communication with its Lombardian and Venetian provinces through Brixen Ampezza and Worms.

The protectorate and alliance of Napoleon demanded

extraordinary exertions to obtain, and sacrifices to maintain; which may be assimilated with the idea of "streams of gold and rivers of blood." This dire necessity, which pressed with the force of an iron hand upon Bavaria, compelled the country, as the foremost of the Rhenish confederation, to adopt regulations and institutions, in accordance with the French, which offended the national pride of the Tyrolians, and in some instances, materially injured their internal interests; but they more generally took umbrage respecting the tenets of their religion; and the undaunted hardihood with which they carried into effect their plans, is as inexplicable, as the illusion, which prevailed, even to the moment of the eruption;—hear! however the account of these proceedings detailed in a work written by count *Alexandre Laborde*, a partisan of Buonaparte in reference to the memorable campaign of 1809.

"An extensive kingdom, adorned with so many glorious remembrances, but through a series of years often humiliated, threw off for the fourth time the yoke of its misfortunes, and appeared on the field of battle more powerful than ever. The late revolutions had deprived numbers of existence, and many of the means of livelihood; men of noble mind, urged on by their own courageous feelings, arose to assert their country's rights, and repossess themselves of their nation's freedom; and loud and fervent were the wishes breathed forth for their success:—fear and distrust could scarcely prevent all from rallying beneath their banners, and openly assisting them in their struggle for liberty. Even after those unfortunate occurences, which took place in such rapid

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in

DEVONSHIRE

by

T.H.Williams & H.J.Johns.

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IN

DEVONSHIRE;

CONSISTING OF

SELECT VIEWS,

WITH

DESCRIPTIONS, &c.

BY

T. H. WILLIAMS and H. J. JOHNS.

No. I.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Oh how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"

BEATTIE.

LONDON:

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1801.

TO

THE INHABITANTS

OF THE

TOWNS OF PLYMOUTH, STONEHOUSE, DOCK,

AND THE VICINITY,

THIS ATTEMPT

TO ILLUSTRATE THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY

OF

DEVONSHIRE,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHORS.

PREFACE.

THE Authors of this Work have been Companions in a variety of pedestrian excursions through different parts of Devonshire. Charmed with the beauty and infinite diversity of its prospects, and lamenting that this munificence of Nature appeared to be little known or noticed, they, at length, conceived the design of uniting their efforts in a publication, which, while it recorded scenes so worthy of admiration, might also serve to commemorate their friendship.

The irregularity of their route, frequently diverging from the beaten track, into regions accessible only to the pedestrian, afforded, they thought, a better chance of selecting the most interesting scenes than Tourists, from the rapidity of their progress,

and the necessity of adhering, in a great measure, to established roads, usually possess; while their constant proximity to those scenes would enable them to execute their delineations with more accuracy. Notwithstanding these advantages, they at first considered the undertaking rather as a matter of Amusement than Emolument; and, as Etching had been practised by one, as a relaxation from Painting, they determined to execute it without the assistance of an Engraver, and at their own expence. In consequence of the advice and liberal offers of many friends, however, they were induced to issue proposals for receiving subscriptions, and to fix a period for the publication of the first Number. In the mean time Etchings were begun; but the number and respectability of the Subscribers soon exceeded their most sanguine expectations; and in order to render their attempt more worthy the generous countenance it has ex-

perienced, they have availed themselves of the talents of Mr. Anker Smith, whose merits are too well known to need any encomium; and they trust that the delay which has been thus unavoidably occasioned in the publication, will be somewhat compensated by the superior value of the Plates.

The Price of this Number having been stipulated in the proposals at Three Shillings to Subscribers, and Three Shillings and Sixpence to Non-subscribers, no addition to either can now be expected; but as the cost of engraving has been entirely an extra expence, and not an inconsiderable one; and, moreover, as the subjects for the ensuing Numbers (should their continuance be encouraged) are intended to be engraved in the same manner, the Subscribers, it is presumed, will not object to such an augmentation in the Price of the subsequent Numbers, as may be found necessary; of which

timely notice will be given in future proposals.

The contents of this Number, they trust, will sufficiently explain their design. The delineation of those grand and beautiful assemblages which the Works of Nature exhibit, and their influence on the mind, constitute the leading objects; but as their progress will be necessarily devious, opportunities will doubtless occur of diversifying the subject, by the introduction of adventitious circumstances.

The very flattering and liberal encouragement they have already received, inspires them with sensations, of which their unremitting endeavours to render the work deserving the patronage of the public, will, perhaps, be the best interpreters.

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PICTURESQUE EXCURSIONS

IN

DEVONSHIRE.

"The generality of mankind, in civilized countries, look on Nature with indifference. They are in the midst of her Works, and they admire only human grandeur." ST. PIERRE.

THE village of St. Budeaux, alias St. Bude, is situated about four miles to the north of Plymouth, on an eminence near the Tamer, which commands, on every side, an unbounded prospect of fertility, and picturesque beauty. Not only the artist, but the general admirer of nature, may here find inexhaustible gratification. Extensive scenes, rich in diversity of objects, exhibit, at every step, the most beautiful combinations; while the more confined scenery, composed principally of woody dells, interspersed with cottages, abounds with prospects of romantic seclusion and simplicity rarely to be equalled. Every thing, indeed, that can

charm in Nature, every thing that can add grandeur or beauty to the landscape, conspires to adorn the village of St. Budeaux, and its neighbourhood.

The road, from Plymouth and Dock, to this interesting place, is, for the first three miles, the same that leads to Saltash-passage, and affords many pleasing views; among which the village of Weston-mill merits particular notice. It is seated at the head of a small inlet of the Tamer, environed by hills, which surround it like an amphitheatre,

"From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade."

The Turnpike-house, with a small bridge thrown across the river; the mill, and the stream which supplies it; in short, all the circumstances connected with this sweet spot, are so happily disposed, that, in almost every point of view, whether from the road, or the sides of the hills, they form a beautiful combination. The pleasure however does not arise solely from picturesque effect: the tranquil aspect of this little village awakens in the mind the sentiment of rural

licity, and domestic quiet, and heightens the charms of nature. In confined prospects this is generally a pleasing union. Extensive scenes owe much of their effect to the variety of ob jects presented, which, in a cultivated mind, excite an infinite train of associations. Devoid of this variety, they inspire elevated and en larged sentiments; yet, in both cases, perhaps, the gratification they afford, though consider able, is vague, the imagination being chiefly interested; but there is a peculiar pleasure arising from the contemplation of domestic happiness, when thus connected with rural beauty, which awakens the best feelings of the heart.

Amidst the jarring discords of public life, the social principle becomes feeble and inert; the vices and the miseries of society render the soul insensible to the tender sympathies of Nature; but the pure charms of the country, the quiet, simplicity, and innocence of rural life, are so congenial to the heart of man, that they seldom fail to tranquilise the perturbations of worldly anxiety, and renovate the dormant affections.

'O! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets.'

COWPER.

The road immediately beyond Weston-mill presents, from its steepness, a very formidable ascent, which is, however, occasionally relieved by a pleasing retrospect of the village. A cottage at the summit has the very appropriate name of 'Traveller's Rest.' A little beyond this, you leave the Saltash road to the left, and arrive at the village of King's Tamerton, consisting of five or six cottages; some of which are the most picturesque we have seen in Devonshire. Their tall chimnies, projecting in front of the house, a circumstance common in this county, have a very happy effect; while the surface of the walls, and the roofs, encrusted with lichens and mosses of a thousand hues, exhibit specimens of colouring not easily imitated or described. These beautiful sportings of Nature would be totally lost, if the custom, so prevalent in many parts of Wales, of white-washing the walls, and even roofs, of cot-

tages, were fashionable here; but either from the taste or indolence of their inhabitants, these rural abodes are not yet likely to be deprived of their cheap ornaments: the Artist may therefore consider himself secure in his possessions, and continue to admire those ornamental decorations of Nature, which so well supply the place of architectural embellishments. —The Lynner, or St. Germain's River, as it is commonly called, is an interesting feature in the view from this village; in conjunction with which it forms a beautiful subject for the pencil.

Mount Tamer, the seat of the late Captain Sir Thomas Byard, well known for the distinguished part he sustained in Lord Duncan's memorable action with the Dutch off Camperdown, stands on the brow of an acclivity adjacent to King's Tamerton, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country: the prospect, however, is seen to greater advantage from some broken ground which rises rather to the eastward of the house. Here, after toiling up the long ascent from Weston-mill, in which curiosity is excited by partial disclosures, a most

magnificent prospect displays itself; composed indeed of very dissimilar parts, but admirably combined, so as to form a perfect whole.

'The villa trim, the hamlet snug and warm;
The meadows grassy green, or waved with corn;
The river's blue extent, the bright'ning bays,
And tow'r-crown'd towns, and steeples, spiring tall;
The waters motion all, with stately fleets,
That proudly bear their bulk along, and shade
Old Neptune's green domain with swimming woods,
Pregnant with wanton winds; and painted barks,
On gales of pleasure borne, or business bent,
That glide incessant o'er the shifting scene.'

BIDLAKE.

A descending road in the foreground, and two or three of the picturesque cottages before noticed, are most happily disposed. Beyond these the Tamer recedes 'in long perspective to the stretching eye,' and forms a grand feature in the view. It is that part of the river called the Hamoaze, the receptacle of those stupendous fabrics of human ingenuity, to which, for ages, England has chiefly owed its security and pre-eminence among nations. On the left banks of the river the town of Dock, with the dock-yard, arsenals, &c. is a busy and interesting

scene; and on the opposite shore is seen the town of Torpoint, and Thanckes, the seat of Admiral Lord Graves, whose nautical skill is so justly celebrated. Mount Edgcumbe, rising majestically in the distance, with its deep mantling of wood, closes the scene with much dignity.—Beyond the eastern extremity of the promontory, however, the eye catches a glimpse of the channel, which gives a peculiar character to the view.—The Lynner is still seen to advantage on the right, retreating behind a succession of projecting promontories, till it is lost amongst hills which seem to oppose its farther progress. It winds, however, many miles farther, through a rich and picturesque country, and frequently varies its character; exhibiting sometimes a bay in miniature, and, where its banks become lofty, collecting its waters into the form of a lake.

A prospect of this kind, independent of the effect it produces from what is termed picturesque combination, excites other sensations in the mind, perhaps no less pleasing: it is in fact a volume, full of information and amusement,

to those who can enter into the spirit of it.—These fields, smiling with luxuriant vegetation, and teeming with nourishment for animals and man, exhibit the wonderful effects of human industry and perseverance. The soil, once covered with the indiscriminate productions of Nature, the rank exuberance of ages, which afforded to man neither nourishment or pleasure, is now become subservient to his labours, and amply repays his toil, not only with an infinite variety of food for his support; but a thousand delicious fruits, exquisite in flavour, and displaying innumerable beauties of form and colour. Those floating monuments of united skill and invention, whose materials flourished through the lapse of years, unheeded, in the solitude of the forest, recall the mind to those early ages of the world, when the savage, in his little raft of wood or reed, the first rude effort of navigation,

'Crept fearful round each winding coast, nor dar'd
Launch boldly vent'rous on th' uncertain main;
Till sharp discovery traced the wond'rous stone,
That gives the trembling needle instinct-like,
And lively sensibility.' BIDLAKE.

What a long series of progressive improvements between the periods which gave birth to these contrasted specimens of Art!—One, the first offspring of necessity, or formed, perhaps, from an impulse of vagrant curiosity, confined to purposes trivial and unimportant; the other fabricated to convey a community of individuals through trackless seas, whose extent the imagination can hardly conceive, to regions, which must otherwise have remained unknown; establishing between distant countries a mutual communication, and interchange of each others productions; extending the sphere of human knowledge, and increasing the comforts of life, by innumerable acquisitions; and every where discovering proofs of the wisdom and beneficence of Providence: at the same time, such is the perversity of man, becoming, in the hands of tyranny and injustice, the minister of desolation and death, and filling the world with calamity and outrage!

To a mind thus disposed every object will afford materials for enquiry and reflexion; and he who, in surveying a landscape, perceives only the relation of its parts, the harmony of

colouring, and the proper distribution of light and shade, is but a superficial observer.—Pictures are like those scenic representations in which the spectator's imagination must be the interpreter: the generality, however, never conceive any thing beyond what is literally represented.

Leaving this diversified prospect in the rear, a new scene suddenly bursts on the sight; so instantaneous in its disclosure, and so different from the preceding, that it appears to be the work of enchantment. The Tamer, still a principal object, here resigns its channel-like aspect, and, apparently environed by the surrounding hills, assumes the character of a lake; presenting a wide expanse of water, where all vestiges of the harbour, and indeed every characteristic of the former view, are lost.

> "But far the sinuous stream, its silver arms
> Deep winding, creeps along; and sees within
> Its azure glass, wild rocks high beetling hang,
> And fringed reeds that tremble to the gale,
> And shadowy shapes; till Ocean's toiling tide
> Its travels ends, and meets the pastoral flood,
> That foaming, mingling, weds with mutual waves"
>
> BIDLAKE.

T.H. Williams Plym.th del.t

A. Smith sculp.

This scene, though unlike the preceding, is however equally beautiful. An air of simple grandeur pervades the whole, and every object tends to inspire the most soothing tranquillity. The Church of St. Budeaux, on an eminence in the foreground; the Tamer, beneath it, presenting a broad surface, undisturbed, save by a solitary barge, or perhaps the boat of a fisherman; the banks of the river, alternately woody and cultivated, and variously terminating; in some parts gradually shelving to the water, and in others descending abruptly; apparently uniting at last, in a semicircular form, which conceals the farther progress of the river; and beyond these a richly cultivated country, gradually melting into a mountainous distance; compose a picture, admirably calculated, indeed, to awaken all the fervour of enthusiasm; but which to be really understood must be seen. Approaching the village of St. Budeaux, the prospect becomes partially concealed; but it is only to collect new powers, and to display the whole with superadded beauty and effect. The field adjoining the western side of the church-yard, is the spot

from which this glorious view is seen to greatest advantage. In a still evening the tuneful bells of the little church of Landulph, on the remote banks of the river, add a new charm to the scene, wafting at times their full quire of melody on the ear; and again melting, like the notes of the Eolian harp, into tremulous and almost imperceptible vibration. There is a mysterious and melancholy pleasure excited by this simple music, of which most are susceptible.—It touches a sympathetic chord of the heart, and awakens recollections the most sublime and pleasing.—The solemn dirge of the funeral bell, connected with the ceremonies of the dead; the cheerful peal which enlivens the days of amusement and rejoicing, and which is also the memento of religious homage; these united remembrances concur in producing a mingled sensation of ineffable complacency and tenderness!

The church of St. Budeaux is a simple edifice, and, though devoid of architectural embellishment, possesses much picturesque beauty. Unnoticed, however, as it may be, by the antiquarian, a circumstance connected with its

foundation, will probably preserve the remembrance of this humble pile, when the more splendid monuments of ancient times shall be totally forgotten!

The parish church of St. Budeaux stood originally at the distance of nearly a mile from its present scite, in a very unhealthy situation near the water's edge; but in the beginning of the fourteenth century, the whole fabric was taken down, and rebuilt, with the same materials, on the spot where it now stands. The expence of this laudable undertaking was defrayed solely by Robert Budokshed, Esq. who resided at the mansion house of that name, in the parish of St. Budeaux. By a seeming fatality, his own daughter, who died shortly after, was the first person whose remains were deposited within the precincts of the new pile; a circumstance which, at that dark period, no doubt, excited many pious and superstitious conjectures. The account of this gentleman, and his meritorious conduct, contained in 'Prince's Worthies of Devon,' is so curious that we think it worth transcribing.

'Robert Budeokshed, Esq. was born in this

county (Devon), about the year of our Lord 1360, at the ancient mansion-house of the family, called by the same name, lying in the parish of St. Budeox, a daughter church to the town of Plymouth, near three miles to the north thereof, on the east side of the river Tamer, over against Salt-Ash, which standeth on the Cornish shore.

'This name, as most other ancient ones were, was variously written, as Bodokshed, Budokside, Budeokshed, and now vulgarly Budshed. A family this was of great note and antiquity in those parts: for Alan de Budokside lived in this place in the days of king Henry III. whom succeeded, in the male line, no less than thirteen generations. They all matched into very honourable families of this and the neighbouring counties, as Pomeroy, Halwel, Strode of Parnham, Prouz, Trencreek, Champernon, and divers others. This gentleman of whom we are speaking, married Ann, daughter of Sir Thomas Pomeroy, by whom he had issue, Thomas Budokshed, high-sheriff of the county of Devon, An. 26 king Hen. VI. They much advanced their patrimony by marrying the daugh-

ters and heirs of Trevallsade, and Trencreek of Trenhall, which last was the mother of Robert, now before us.

'He was a person of great worth, and deserves a place in the register of honour: more especially for two qualifications, the best ornaments of a Christian and a gentleman, his piety, and his charity.

'Such was his piety, that he was the sole founder of the now parish church of St. Budeox aforesaid, a very neat and handsome pile. This he did for the better and more decent solemnizing the worship and service of Almighty God; a work most deserving honour and esteem, above other in the just acknowledgment of all who have any veneration to religion. It was the great argument which the Jews made use of to our Saviour, why he should heal the centurion's servant, telling him plainly, 'That the man was worthy, wherefore he should do this for him, for, say they, he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue,' St. Luke vii. 5. As if this were the most evident instance of his love, to prepare them a proper place for the public service of God.

'But then the charity of this good man was conspicuous in this, that in building the church in the place where it now standeth, he particularly consulted (what is justly acknowledged the most valuable of all temporal blessings) the health of his neighbours and parishioners. The parish had a church in it before this time, (such as it was) but it stood, it is said, in a remote and unhealthy place, too near the water side. Which great inconvenience this gentleman piously and christianly considering, at his own cost and charge he pulled down the old, and erected a new church, in a more healthy and convenient place, as may be now seen.

'But see his fate, or rather the inscrutable event of Providence; this gentleman's own daughter was the very first that hanselled it, as the place of her burial.

'This ancient family failed, in the issue male, upon the death of Philip Budokshed, whose three sisters became his heirs; who thus disposed of themselves in marriage.—Winifred unto sir William Gorges; Elizabeth unto John Amidas, of Plymouth; and Agnes unto Oliver

Hill, of Shilston.—Winifred brought Budokshed unto the family of Gorges, in which name it continued two or three generations; and then sir Arthur Gorges sold it unto —— Trevill, and Lethbridge Trevill, Esq. is now lord thereof. Mr. Budokshed lieth buried in his own church, whose whole pile is his lasting and visible monument.'

The memory of those who erect splendid edifices, only to record their power or magnificence, is soon consigned to oblivion; while the fabric, consecrated to beneficent purposes, raises in the hearts of men an indelible monument to perpetuate the remembrance of its founder!

Gorges, the famous partizan of royalty, who lately commanded a considerable body of the Chouans in Brittany, it is said, is the only surviving descendant of the family of that name, which was once in the possession of Budshed, as it is now called; but by what means he has become thus estranged from his country, does not appear to be known.

Budshed was lately the property of Sir Harry Trelawney, and is at present in the possession

of G. H. Clark, Esq. Of the building we shall speak hereafter. In the church-yard of St. Budeaux is a tomb-stone which the village sculptor has taken some pains to decorate. Three or four trunkless heads, in all the naked simplicity of ugliness, are ranged at the top of the stone; and lest their nature might be misunderstood, the artist kindly informs the reader (like the painters of old, who used to write under their productions the names of the objects represented) that 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven!' In surveying these receptacles of mortality, one cannot help observing a striking difference in the records of its inhabitants. The inscriptions of the Rich and the Powerful recite nothing but their virtues and good qualities; while those of their inferior neighbours relate only the afflictions they have borne, and the miseries and uncertainty of life. Moralists, on the contrary, continually assert that wealth and power corrupt the heart of man, and that virtue and happiness are rarely found but in the humbler walks of life. Whose authority is to be preferred in this case, may not perhaps be easily determined.

The late rector of this parish, the Rev. Tho. Alcock, is spoken of as a character marked with many singularities: his, however, were not the eccentricities of a warm and ardent imagination, disdaining the trammels of prejudice and prescription; many appear to have been the offspring of an over-anxious solicitude respecting worldly matters; and others may be ascribed to a certain peculiarity of mind, which, though uniform, is frequently unaccountable. Mr. Alcock officiated at St. Budeaux upwards of sixty years!—During the early part of his ministry he boarded and lodged at a farm-house in the neighbourhood; from whence he removed on forming a matrimonial connexion, which brought him a house and a good estate. It is rather paradoxical, though not uncommon, that men, who have once experienced the inconveniencies attending a small income, should, nevertheless, on a change of circumstances, voluntarily continue those privations to which they were before subjected from necessity. Instead of an indulgence in those gratifications which their former restraints might reasonably warrant, the apprehension of being again reduced to dependance,

seems to hang in terrorem before their imaginations, through the remainder of life: thus the fortune which Mr. Alcock had unexpectedly obtained, 'was managed (says the writer of an entertaining account of Mr. Alcock inserted just after his death in the European Magazine) with strict attention to the maxims of a too rigid prudence: indeed it must not be concealed that this was his predominant, if not his only failing, and it threw a shade over the brighter parts of his character, which nothing could dispel. The homeliness of his dwelling no description can exceed: every article of modern convenience was excluded. His drawing-room was a miserable bed-chamber, with walls that *once* were white-washed, and where nothing appeared in opposition to their simplicity. Here he boiled his coffee, toasted his cakes, and entertained his guests at the same time; who forgot, in the charms of his conversation, the wretched apartment they were in, and the yellow time-worn bed on which some of them were perhaps obliged to sit instead of a sofa. His Sermons abounded with Latin and Greek quotations, and passages from

the English poets; even the treasures of private epistolary correspondence contributed to the instruction of his congregation. Among other singularities, which occurred in his preaching, it should not be omitted that he delivered his own wife's funeral sermon; and once in the season of Lent, adverting to the custom of eating fish on fast days, he severely reprobated it, saying that, 'in fact, fish was the greatest stimulant to concupiscence; especially if eaten with rich sauces; and to prove his assertion, instanced the superior population of sea-port towns, where a greater proportion of that nutritive diet was used.' He married a second time at the age of seventy-eight, and a few years after, sold his property in Devonshire, and retired to his native parish of Runcorn, where he soon after died. 'The few works which he published,' says the same account, 'evince much genius, and his memoirs of the life of Dr. Nathan Alcock, his brother, are an admirable piece of biography.'

Mr. Alcock acquired much credit by confuting an hypothesis of the late Dr. Baker,

relative to a disorder of the bowels, called the cider colic, which is supposed to be occasioned by the use of new cider. The Doctor finding that in the process of making cider, utensils partly composed of lead were used, imagined, that it became impregnated with this pernicious metal: accordingly he procured some cider which had been bottled, and having analyzed it, he found precipitated at the bottom several small round particles of lead. This circumstance appearing to be a full confirmation of his opinion, he immediately published the result; and every body thought it extremely plausible. Mr. Alcock, however, having considered the subject, and being, probably, more conversant with household affairs than the Doctor, satisfactorily proved that those same particles of lead, supposed to be imbibed by the cider, were no other than small shot, which being commonly used in cleaning bottles had been accidentally left in the bottom of them! Thus perhaps a revolution in the machinery of cider presses, &c. was prevented by this simple discovery. Many hypothetical systems, en-

veloped in the mysteries of science, but founded on infinitely less plausible grounds, would, probably, share the same fate, could they be so readily investigated; but while philosophers are less zealous for the discovery of truth, than the establishment of their own opinions, and would rather sacrifice the former, than relinquish the latter, error and absurdity will continue to be propagated among mankind.

Leaving the dissensions of men, however, let us continue to trace the harmonies of nature. The road to Budshed is also an indirect road to the village of Tamerton. After a gradual descent of about half a mile, enlivened by new combinations of the scenery beheld from the church, you arrive at Budshed Wood, from which there is a beautiful view of the Lake of Tamerton; another arm of the vagrant Tamer. The wood slopes in front to the edge of the water, on the opposite side of which the lofty steep of Worley rises majestically, covered with wood to the summit, except where a bold rock, emerging from this umbrageous mantle, like a ruined castle, opposes its grey tints to the deep

colour of the surrounding foliage. This is a ruin, however, on which time will have little influence. The mighty labours of man soon mingle with the dust; but these monuments of Nature are unalterable! The mountains of Dartmoor still terminate the view. Continuing the descent, you leave the Lake of Tamerton rather to the left. As you approach the bottom, the water again appears; but it is only a branch of the lake, which, quitting the main stream, wanders through a narrow dell, where it conduces to form a scene of the most exquisite beauty and simplicity.—It is a spot sacred to repose—Every thing conspires to concentrate the thoughts, and tranquilize the mind—The distant prospect disappears—The serenity of the water is heightened by the solemn gloom of the woods on its banks; and the hills, as if conscious of the treasure they embosom, surround this enchanting vale, and exclude every other object*. By an irregular path you cross a little bridge, formed of a

* A view of this interesting scene will be given in the next Number.

plank thrown over a narrow part of the inlet, which conducts you, through an embowered lane, to the cottage of a fisherman, a few paces above the water; the picturesque aspect of which can only be equalled by its internal neatness, and the simplicity of its inhabitants. Behind the house is a little orchard, with a rill of water pure as crystal; and before it, a garden of appropriate size.—Every thing here is in miniature.—The bridge is a Lilliputian one; and a boat which the tenant of this enviable abode possesses, will hardly contain two persons.

The mind reposes with more pleasure on these confined scenes, after having dilated its powers in prospects of greater variety and extent.—Contrast and variety indeed are necessary to keep up its attention; and in this respect, the lover of Nature will no where find more ample gratification than in the diversified beauties of Devonshire.—The variety of objects, and the rapid change of scenery, in this county, are truly astonishing.—The views on our sea-coasts are uncommonly grand; the

Tamer and the Lara, with their various collateral branches, adorn an indescribable succession of beautiful scenes, and in many places, assume the characteristics of a lake; our rivers are numerous, and pursue a devious course; sometimes foaming between immense rocks of granite, through a mountainous and barren country; at others gliding in silence through vales of Arcadian beauty; now lost in the depth of solitary woods, and now sporting amidst the gayer scenes of cultivation. Our cottages are perhaps more picturesque than in any other part of England; and we are not wholly destitute of those monuments of pristine magnificence and power, which are so numerously scattered over this island; in short, nothing is wanting but the disposition to enjoy these pre-eminent advantages of Nature.

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an opportunity of observing the effect this interesting place disclosed from the sea, but imagine, from the high appearance of the adjacent coast, little was visible that could interest, or repay the time necessary for such an undertaking.

The rocks composing the valley are of the same kind as what is provincially distinguished by the name of moorstone *, and have in colour much the effect of grey granite †. The granitic

* Sandstones (moorstone); small grains of sand, consisting of quartz, flint, hornblende, siliceous schist, or felspar, and sometimes of mica cemented together, are denominated sandstones; they feel rough and sandy, the cement or basis by which the grains of sand are united to each other, is of four kinds; namely, lime, alumine, silica, and iron. Sandstones are divided into four species: the calcareous, siliceous, ferrugineous, and aluminous; of the latter are formed millstones, filtering-stones, and coarse whet-stones.

† Granite, in the new mineralogy, is classed in the aggregates of crystals, and, with all the minerals belonging to that section, consists of crystals of different sizes, or of crystals and amorphous stones cemented together. An aggregate of felspar, quartz, and mica, whatever be the size, or, the figure of the ingredients, is denominated granite; and it may be divided into two species, namely, common granite, and schistose granite or gniefs. Common granite in its structure is always granular, and schistose granite is always slaty, this constituting the specific distinction. Beside these, there are several varieties arising from the mixture of other

rocks form but a small part of the external soil of the county, compared to the other; and are principally confined to the middle of Dartmoor, from whence they stretch into Cornwall, as may be seen in Dr. Maton's very interesting mineralogical map of the different soils of the western counties.

Necessary as these specific distinctions are to the mineralogist, they are unimportant to the artist, who considers nature in the whole, after an attentive and diligent observation of the general form of the parts: by him the minutiæ of detail are rejected, and his whole mind is employed to transfuse the spirit of nature into his works; he avoids the mechanical operation of indiscri-

minerals, with the principal constituent parts, and which are accurately defined by Kirwan, under the several names of granatine, when one of the three parts is occupied by schorl, garnet, hornblende, steatites, &c.; granitell, when two of the original parts are wanting, and one is supplied from the above substances; and granalite, when it is increased by the addition of a fourth part, either steatites, hornblende, schorl, or garnet.

Dr. Darwin considers granite, and all aggregates, to be a species of lava; when the composition is of a regular angular form, it is called basaltes, and when less perfect and distinct it is called by either of the names mentioned above.

minate copying, selects the poetical or refined parts, and shews the difference between genius and imitation.

To the admirer of druidism, the Valley of Stones must present a high gratification, when considered as the scene of the ancient rites, the secret superstitions and barbarous immolations of that remarkable order. The retired situation, the awful appearance of impending rocks, and the wild romantic character of the place, peculiarly mark it, as a spot devoted to their sanguinary religion. With a mental blindness, but too common in every state of society, the beneficence of Providence, observable in the phenomena of nature, produced no effect in ameliorating their savage passions; and the most perfect of the works of God was sacrificed, and considered as the most acceptable offering and grateful tribute to its Creator: the most retired scenery chosen for their pollutions, and places the most peaceful converted into a Gehannum by these children of Moloch.

It was either here, or in some part of Dartmoor, that an antiquarian writer of celebrity breaks out in

raptures, " Here could I sit and call up the shades of the druids." To bring forth, by the power of the imagination, the remembrance of the figure and actions of men who have been remarkable for their virtues and imitable qualities, is an illusion innocent and gratifying to our feelings; but, to call up beings who formed a despotic religious power, and whose altar streamed with the abundant blood of numerous victims, can awaken none but painful associations, nor serve any other purpose than to remind us of the ignorance and barbarity of our ancestors.

Covered as these hills are with massy rocks, the effect of some terrible convulsion of nature, it might be expected that many should take an artificial form; and this has probably occasioned the various speculations of antiquaries, and their decisively referring to the druids those appearances, which might only arise from an accident of nature.

The road from Lynton to Lynmouth is steep and slippery; but on reaching the latter place, such a succession of picturesque objects crowd on the attention, that its difficult declivity is for-

gotten, and rapture and astonishment succeed the fatigue of the descent. It is impossible to conceive any place abounding with more interesting objects, for a painter of close scenery, than what is contained in this little vale; no discordant part appears, but every thing is in harmony and admirable coincidence. The transparent water rushes over a bed of broken granite or sandstone, variously coloured; yellow, brown, and grey prevail; and give that peculiar richness which forms the characteristic of our rivulets. The various cottages are beautifully surrounded by wood, and the situation of some between the two coombs, is such as the most romantic imagination could desire. On crossing the bridge at the foot of the great hill, a grand whole is seen of Lynton church, with a fine coomb on its left, and several interesting objects; other grand views present themselves below, near the lime-kiln, and from the quay. The steep road seen from the churchyard was now to be ascended, and compared to this, the other hills on the Devon roads become unimportant and trifling. The steep descent to the water on the left is protected only

by an earth wall about a foot high, and its awful steepness must be alarming to the generality of travellers; but except on horseback, there cannot be any danger; the pedestrian has little to fear, and by avoiding the steep appearance of the cliffs, and keeping on the opposite side of the road, any giddiness may be prevented. From the road winding round the hills, the view of Lynmouth is excluded, but on gaining the summit, the general view of the coast is exceedingly bold. Lynton is seen, and the entrance to Lynmouth; the relative situation of each place becomes distinct, and a comparison may be formed of their various heights. The slight outline taken from the road is correct, and a reference to the plate will convey a general idea of the prospect, which is given more as a plan, than as any thing picturesque. The coomb is continued on the right, the water from which passes under the largest bridge, with its banks exceedingly steep, and richly clothed with wood.

Contisberry church is about one mile from Lynmouth, at the end of the steep hill; the ground behind it being a gentle swell, shuts

out the northern prospect, and the country in view to the south is an extensive tract of downs, intersected to the horizon with deep hollows or coombs, some well wooded, and others with only a thin vegetation; a few cottages or farms are in the distance, but generally it appears as a place of extensive pasturage, as few or no inclosures are to be seen. This is the last religious edifice on the Devon coast, the division of the counties being about four or five miles further on, when Somersetshire begins.

It was near this place, some regraters were passing with several horses laden with the whortle-berry (vaccinium myrtillis), to supply the markets of Barnstaple, and the other principal towns, with this produce of the coombs. It is the employment of the women and children from Porlock, Culbone, and the various cottages scattered about, to collect from the steep sides of the vallies, this favourite berry; each little stock is purchased by this necessary set of people; and what before was individually trifling, becomes collectively, sufficient to require several horses to carry their respective stocks.

" Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,"

how infinite are the ramifications of industry, and by what incessant diligence the lower classes of society collect a subsistence, scanty and indifferent, and apparently inadequate to the purpose of renovating their exhausted bodies, and fitting them for succeeding daily labour: yet amidst this their contentment is equable, and their health in consequence good; their constant diligence and cheerful character claim the respect and attention of the higher classes, as

" All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

The important labours of agriculture, and the variety of less important callings, require a certain class of people for their execution; the more fortunate, who are elevated by affluence, enjoy by compensation the fruits of their labour; and though the difference of education and manners necessarily prevent much intercourse, yet they should never be remembered but with kindness, nor visited but to impart the means of increasing their frugal enjoyments.

On these downs numerous flocks of sheep find an excellent pasturage, and a hardy and useful

race of small horses is bred, called Exmoor ponies; for the latter there is an annual sale, at Simmond's Gate, some time in August. The sport of hunting is no where pursued with more ardour than on the downs, and the flavour of the venison is highly esteemed by epicures.

The coast exhibits the same aspect and the same character as the other parts, and is on the same grand scale; with high beetling cliffs, and deep caverns overhung with furze and heath, while other parts are covered with coppice-wood: a small scathed trunk of an oak is occasionally seen, but forest-wood is not abundant in this part of the Devon coast; from having been planted in greater numbers, or in a better soil, it grows luxuriantly about Culbone and Porlock in Somersetshire.

Culbone church is a few miles on the coast of Somerset: a view of it is given, both for its singularity and proximity to Devon. It is the provincial custom of the inhabitants of this county to call a number of houses situated near a village church, Church Town; this appellation

applied to Culbone, appears ludicrous, as only three cottages are near it, and those of the smallest kind; the church has neither a porch nor a tower, and about fourteen or twenty persons constitute its congregation; the minister from Porlock officiates once every Sunday in the summer, and every other Sunday in winter. Church Town, as it would be called, is situated in the bottom of one of the deepest coombs on the whole coast; it has a narrow opening towards the Severn; and the access to it is by two roads, one from the downs, and the other from Porlock: the first is a tedious, narrow, zig-zag road about two miles in descent; the other has been much improved, and is conveniently broad. Wood of great luxuriance, particularly the oak and ash, grow in the valley, and the high grounds which nearly surround it, are enriched with full-grown coppice to the summit. On the side of the hill from Porlock the view was taken; the church is distinguished by the roof being slated, whilst the tops of the cottages are thatched; this part commands the best view, and the appearance of the

lawn or green plot which forms the churchyard is particularly gratifying to the sight by its pleasing smoothness. Part of a Roman cross remains before the door. The church is the picture of seclusion and quiet, and appears on the first view as a place admirably adapted for religious worship, to receive the fervent throbbings of man crying for mercy to his Creator: the impressive grandeur of the surrounding hills, by a natural transition, raises the mind to the Power that produced them; and our admiration and reverence are followed by the most animating views of the intentions of Providence, from the analogy of the adaptation in every part of the creation of the means to some wise end. But it is rather too poetical a situation for the general mixture of a common congregation; besides, men who are wearied with the toils of the week, require, on the seventh day, some repose; and to those who live on the heights or downs, the descent to Culbone is far from a relaxation of labour; the fatigue of the body will abate the pious fervour of the mind, and a state of lukewarm devotion must in consequence too often prevail.

Had Cowper visited Culbone, he would not have exclaimed,

> " O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> " Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> " Where rumour of oppression might never reach
> " My ear."

He might here have found a solitude independent of a desert, and an uninterrupted retirement for serious contemplation; in an infinite number of other places, which might be made as free from interruption, and the discord of mankind, and as impenetrable, as a lodge in some vast wilderness. With a small income like the Man of Ross, the man of real humanity who wishes for seclusion, might find in such a place as Culbone, a still retreat, where no rumour of oppression, which he could not redress, would reach his ear; nor no patient suffering of poverty present itself, which he could not relieve; the cabals and dissensions of extensive society he might never hear; and his happiness would be more exquisite than where he had no field for active charity, and his conscience undisturbed by regret, for having neglected the industrious part of society,

because there might be folly and depravity in greatness.

Having at a former period visited the principal places below Lynton to the west, and the weather beginning to change, I returned to Barnstaple. Amongst these places Clovelly and Ilfracombe deserve particular attention. The former is striking from its romantic situation. It is built on the steepest part of the coast, which rises to a considerable height; and each cottage above the line of houses on the quay is embowered with wood, which also crowns the summit of this part of the coast, beautifully varied by its gentle swellings. The pier, which has been lately erected, or improved, is of considerable importance to the small shipping which are employed in the trade of the Channel; its sudden storms and dangerous navigation frequently obliging them to retreat for shelter to it, where while they ride in safety, the agitated sea breaks against the firm wall, and throws, in a most picturesque manner, its white spray over the inclosed shipping. From the end of the pier the best view is seen, unparalleled in the county for its beauty. To the west of Clovelly is the seat of Sir J.

Hamlyn, called Clovelly Court, lately ornamented with a beautiful Gothic front, and considerable internal improvements; the rides over the grounds are pleasant and varied; the scenery of the coast is formed principally of bold projections of fine schistose rock, and overhanging brushwood, which is continued to Hartland Point, the Promontorium Herculis of old authors and the western boundary of the county. Ilfracombe is also highly attracting; the town itself is irregular and about a mile in length; but the entrance by sea, under high cliffs, and the fine eminence on which is a light-house, with the view of the lower part of the town, is amongst the most interesting scenery on the whole coast. A commodious packet sails twice a week for Swansea, which renders it a place of busy communication, and an excise cutter is stationed to look after the smugglers.

Coomb Martin is about five miles from Ilfracombe, towards Lynton; and is remarkable for its ancient mines of silver, or rather for the quantity of that metal obtained by working the veins of galena, or lead ore, which abound in the

adjoining hills. Sir Beavis Bulmer gave "a rich and fayer cupp to the right honourable William Earl of Bath," of the silver from this place, and a similar present to the "Honourable Sir R. Martyn, Knight, Lord Mayor of the citie of London, to contynue to the said citie for ever." On the last were these lines:

"When water works in broaken wharfe
At first erected weare,
And Beavis Bulmer with his art
The waters 'gan to reare,
Dispersed I in earth dyd lie
Since all beginnings old,
In place call'd Comb, wher Martin longe
Had hydd me in his molde.
I did no service on the earth,
Nor no man set me free,
Till Bulmer by his skill and change
Did frame me this to be.

"Anno nostræ Redemptionis 1593,
Reginæ Virginis 35.
Richardo Martino militi, iterum majori sive vice secunda
civitatis London."

The intermediate coast from Ilfracombe to Lynton I had no opportunity of seeing; but from those who are acquainted with it, learn, that it is more romantic than any other part.

The manners of the peasantry resemble those of the interior of Wales:—an openness and easy familiarity, without blunt rusticity or tiresome inquisitiveness, form the distinguishing characteristic between them and the southern countymen. Communication with them is thus rendered pleasing, and the pedestrian is delightfully reconciled to his situation—reposing in the confidence inspired by their character, he forgets he is a stranger, and enjoys in a great degree that familiar and friendly intercourse which constitutes the principal difference between home and abroad. This occasions no small solace to the feelings of the solitary traveller, who frequently taking a retrospective view of his connexions, and comparing them with his present insulated situation, regrets the absence of those confidential countenances he has been accustomed to behold, and, not having the reality, deems himself fortunate in meeting with such happy substitutes.

The inhabitants of Dartmoor and its confines exhibit a very different portrait: their minds appear to be coloured by the country they inhabit, which is dreary in the extreme;—the hills in it

are not on a grand scale, and its scattered rocks, though individually interesting, present nothing of consequence as a whole. The vallies are generally swampy, with very formidable bogs. The patches of cultivated ground have been rescued from the waste, by the exertion of no common industry; as it required not draining alone, but also a plain of rocks to be removed:—walls were indeed readily formed, and they are not the least curious part of the moor, as the stones which form the inclosures frequently weigh several tons. Scarce a shrub makes its appearance on this desolate region; but there can be no doubt of its having been at some former period well wooded, as it is still called the Forest. In the winter, the moor is covered with snow; and in the warmer months, it has even been some feet deep:—this, with the swampy state of the vallies, must of course prevent the few families that inhabit it, from all but the most necessary intercourse. From the distance of the market-towns, seldom more than a weekly journey is undertaken, and many carry the produce of a small farm to

Plymouth (at least thirty miles); where, from their peculiar manners and habit, they are known by the name of *Moormen:* some of them possess a degree of roughness quite terrifying, and the epithet "*dulcet*" cannot always be with propriety applied to the voice of a Dartmoor female. But in general they are an honest, inoffensive set of people, although they appear to strangers, from their unconquerable shyness, sullen and discourteous.

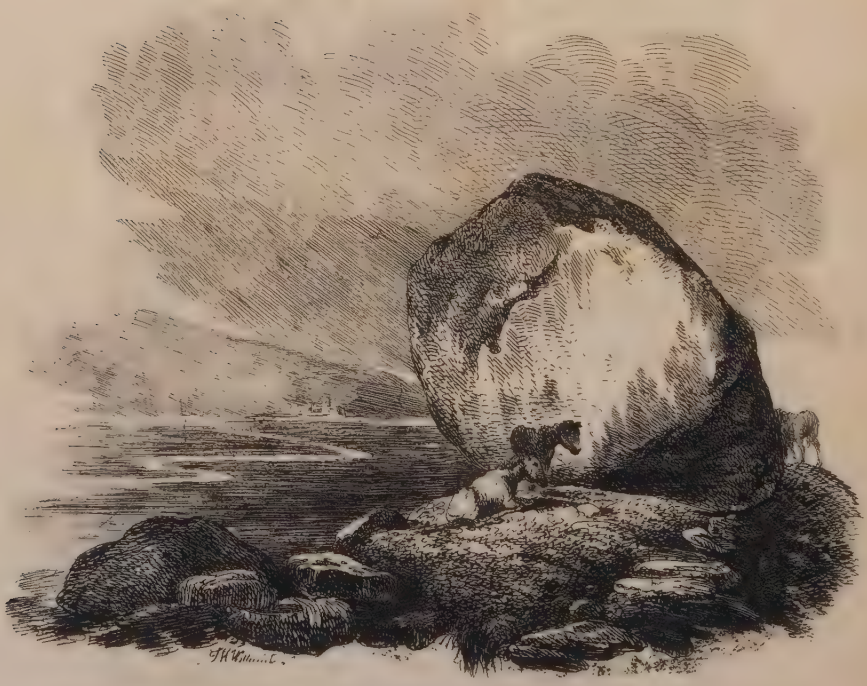
After a careful retrospect of the scenery which the northern coast displays, it will not require much hesitation to affirm, that it is by far the most magnificent and picturesque of which Devon can boast. Its great variety of interesting objects are marked with a peculiar character, which discriminates them from those of the southern and eastern. Here the magnitude of the objects occasions the strongest contrast; stupendous hills rising one thousand feet from their base are not frequently to be paralleled on the opposite side. But it is not greatness alone that constitutes their superiority; variety spreads her charms with

the most enchanting profusion; the coombs or narrow vallies, sheltered by luxuriant woods, which spreading their fertile branches over the various masses of rock, and protruding in the most fanciful shapes, form a most gratifying picture not to be contemplated without admiration. These coombs break the outline of the coast, from Ilfracombe to Culbone in Somersetshire.

Of views of cultivated scenery, the appearance of Tawstock from Tawton bridge, is almost unrivalled; such an assemblage of interesting objects so happily grouped together is seldom seen, and no prospect in any part of England can be superior. Castle Hill, the seat of the right honourable Earl Fortescue, possesses many charms; and the country around Torrington, and Biddeford, of the tranquil character, is eminently interesting. The admirer of cultivated nature will be richly repaid in exploring the interior of the north of Devon, whilst the coast from Hartland Point to Culbone affords some of the grandest displays of her rude

and uncultivated beauties: however, as every human enjoyment is counterbalanced by some ill, this exquisite variety of prospect is only accessible by the worst roads in the kingdom.

END OF THE EXCURSION TO THE NORTH OF DEVON.



EXCURSION

TO THE

SOUTH OF DEVON.

THE pleasant village of Tamerton is about five miles from Plymouth, and is accessible by water, from a beautiful inlet of the Tamer, which has been already described: it is nearly surrounded by high cultivated ground, and is well wooded. The church, which is a well-built, unornamented edifice, is embosomed in fine trees, one of which is a large ash, presenting a striking and rare combination of elegance and grandeur. The tower of the church is beautifully tinted with a profusion of lichens and mosses. The seclusion of the churchyard produces the effect of concentrating the attention on the mementos of the departed; a train of interesting reflections arise,

which are more powerfully felt, than in places where the vanity of pomp, and the falsehood of inscriptions, excite no sympathy. The admired Elegy of Gray is accommodated to every village, and the nature of its sentiments vibrates to the corresponding feelings of every bosom.

The remains of an old tree, called Copplestone's oak, are at the east end of the churchyard; and the tradition of the parish notices a remarkable and affecting incident, which is partly corroborated by Prince.

"There fell out a most unfortunate occurrence in this place, Tamerton; which in all probability hastened the extinction of the name here, and at Copplestone also. The history whereof (although I take no delight in reviewing the infirmities of men, now well nigh buried in oblivion), yet out of charity it may be worth the relating, to stand as a land-mark to posterity, that all may beware how they give themselves up to the transports of bloody malice and revenge, which in the end will hurry them into the bottomless gulf of woe and misery.

" Esquire Copplestone, of Warley (I cannot recover his Christian name, although I suppose it was John), in the days of Queen Elizabeth, had a young man to his godson, that had been abroad for education: who at his return home, hearing of the extravagances of his godfather's conversation, expressed in some company his sorrowful resentment of it, which was not done so privately, but the report thereof was soon brought (as there be tale-bearers enough every where) to his godfather's ears. This exceedingly enkindled the indignation of the old gentleman against his godson, and (as it was supposed) his natural son also, making him break out, saying, ' Must boys observe, and descant on the actions ' of men, and their betters?' From henceforth he resolved, and sought all opportunities to be revenged upon him; at length, they both met at Tamerton, their parish church, on a Lord's day. The young man observing by his countenance, what he was partly informed of before, that his godfather was highly displeased at him, prudently withdrew betimes from the church, and resolved

to keep himself out of his reach, until his indignation should be overpassed. The old gentleman, seeing his revenge likely to be disappointed, sent the young man word, that his anger towards him was now over, and he might return to his church again; accordingly the young man came at the usual time, but cautiously eyeing his godfather, he found the expression of the poet too true,

'Manet alta mente repostum'—

that his displeasure was not laid aside, but laid up in a deep revengeful mind: whereupon as soon as the duties of religion were over, he again hastened out of the church, as soon as he could; upon this his godfather followed him, but not being able to overtake him, he threw his dagger after him (the wearing whereof was the mode of those times), and struck him through the veins of the back, so that he fell and died on the spot.

"Upon this Mr. Copplestone fled, but his friends improved all the interest they had at court,

THE RIVER TANNER from S.t BILDEAUX CLIFF CH.

Published as the Act directs

to procure a pardon, which at length, at the cost of about thirteen manors of land, in the county of Cornwall, they with difficulty obtained. However this gentleman escaped the penalty due to so vile a crime, from the laws of man; he did not, it seems, escape the revengeful hand of Providence, which was pleased, either in his sons' or grandsons' days, to blot his name quite out of that place; and at his other place to leave nothing remaining but the name. For this estate came to two daughters and heirs: the eldest was married to —— Elford, Esquire; and the youngest unto Sir John Bampfield, of Poltimore, Bart. *"

The eldest sister had Coplesten House, and demesnes; the youngest had Warleigh.

The cottage scene, described near the conclusion of the first Excursion, is about one mile from Tamerton: the road from St. Bude to this place is through it, and rises by a gentle ascent for about half a mile, where the prospect from the top has all the variety of a Devon view. The landscape is composed of the woods of

* Prince, Danmonii Orientales illustres, page 172.

Woodland and Budshed, the beautiful sylvan cottage scene, and various interesting objects on the high grounds; Budshed House, the mill beyond it, the lake like a mill-pond, reflecting a fine hanging wood; and on the opposite side of the creek, the woods of Warleigh, with the majestic torr already described, present themselves to the delighted sight, as the next in succession of this natural panorama: at the base of the torr the waters of the Tamer placidly glide along, conveying the barges, laden with limestone for the purposes of agriculture, to a small quay. A cottage and a limekiln are near the quay, being fortunately placed where the greatest effect arises, from their contrast in colour and form, with the other parts of the picture. Tamerton is seen farther to the right, and the circle is filled by the distant blue hills of Dartmoor, and in the near ground, the improved appearance of Whitleigh (the seat of Mr. Gennys), adjoining to Woodland and Budshed. The opening of the Tamer between Warleigh and Budshed increases the interest of the view

Gateway to Eden House

from this spot, in an incalculable degree, by allowing, what is absolutely necessary in every fine landscape, the eye to range over a small piece of distance, bounded only by the horizon. This is the Cornish shore on the opposite side of the river, which, from its peculiar beauty, the effect of a great variety * of objects made picturesque by distance, finishes a scene to be classed with the finest in the county.

Warleigh, a beautiful situation, nearly surrounded by the Tamer, and well covered with wood, is at present the property of the Radcliffes: the antiquity of it is recorded by Prince, in his

* Objects in the distances of landscapes being indistinctly seen, the imagination has a power without limitation, of making out the connexion of the parts, and of gratifying its conjectures to infinity. This is a great cause of pleasure in fine paintings; those who examine the works of Claude Lorrain will find an exemplification of this position, and will observe the care with which he avoided crowding his foregrounds, as a multiplicity of objects in that part necessarily distracts the attention. A temple in ruins, a few trees and figures, generally in shade, were the principal subjects; but in his distances, he gave the richest and most varied scenery Italy could produce, or his own classic fancy imagine, all the luxuriance of cultivation, and the sublimity of Alpine mountains.

Worthies of Devon. "Gilbert Foliot, Lord Bishop of London, is reckoned by Dr. Fuller among the natives of this county; and most likely he was born at Tamerton-foliot, a town or dwelling-house by the Tamer side (belonging to Foliot), about five miles to the north of Plymouth. These were the lands of Sampson Foliot, in King Stephen's time, whose reign began 1136, who had his principal residence at Warleigh in that parish, a seat both pleasant and profitable; for standing near the Tamer side, and having a park and fair demesnes belonging to it, it wants no variety which sea or land can afford. A daughter and heir of this family of Foliot or Folioth, as it was sometimes called, brought these possessions at length unto her husband, Sir Ralph de Georges, Knight, in whose name and posterity they flourished for about six descents following, and then the heir of that name brought them in like manner to the noble family of Bonville, of Shute, in the eastern parts of this county; by whose heir, they descended to Coplestone, and by one of the co-heirs of that name, they came to the honour-

able family of Bamfylde, of Poltimore; and Sir Copleston Warwick Bamfylde, Baronet, a minor of about eight years of age, is now lord thereof."

Marystow, the beautiful seat of Manasseh Lopez, Esquire, who purchased it, together with a very extensive domain, of the executors of the late Mr. Heywood, is three miles from Tamerton, and nine miles from Plymouth by Roborough-down. It is situated at a small distance from the Tavey, which flows at the bottom of the lawn, and about two miles from the junction of that river with the Tamer, which is seen from the house. It is, like Tamerton, to be approached at a proper time of the tide. Mr. Lopez has lately added to the ruins of a limekiln, a very neat pavilion, for the reception of the numerous water-parties, who are attracted by the various beauties of this enchanting place. The house is large, and has a very handsome chapel attached to it, where divine service is performed every Sunday when the family is there. The house, which was irregular before, has lately been much improved by the proprietor, with the addition of

a corresponding wing, and a handsome portico of the Ionic order. The colour lately given to it is also a great improvement; it is chaste and pleasing.

A steep woody hill ascends from the bed of the river, opposite to the house, from which it forms a fine object. The ground behind the house rises with a gradual swell, and is richly covered with a variety of fine trees, some truly venerable, sporting their light grey moss-covered limbs in a deep ground of green, and affording in the general effect a delightful contrast. Numerous shaded walks are conducted through the rich variety of wood; and from the contrast of land and river scenery, a novelty the most pleasing arises, and the dull monotony of such places in general is never felt here.

The walk under the trees is continued, after crossing a small dale, through another wood of forest timber, and full-grown coppice, planted on the steep ground, which forms, on the approach by water to this place, the right bank of the Tavey: on its entrance it branches off into three

paths, judiciously conducted to such places, that some new and interesting prospect is disclosed; at the end of a mile they converge near a small temple, where, while rest is afforded by its seat, the eye is gratified by one of the best views from it of Maristow House.

The approach by water is much admired, but by the carriage road over Roborough-down it is more wild and interesting; this particularly begins in the descent after passing the second lodge: the hills rise to a considerable height, full of coppice-wood, and the vallies abound in oaks; the romantic little village of Milton is on the right, and in front the devious Tavey is just visible, through an opening of the Milton valley, and in the distance are inclosures, interpersed with farms and cottages, surrounded by the blue torrs of Dartmoor.

The effect is considerably increased by transition, from alternate cultivation and wildness, to the peculiar gardening of a gentleman's grounds: this contrast is so pleasing, that in few places can the charms of variety be more fully experienced; the most fastidious cannot but be highly gratified;

for all the interesting objects of nature, without the fatigue of exploring, present themselves from the various walks to his observation.

From this part the house is completely excluded by the height of the hills on the right, and the fine avenue at the entrance: on leaving the latter, it is seen at a very short distance, its fine lawn stretching out to the margin of the river, with an expanse of water formed from the junction of the Tavey with the Tamer; behind it, the Cornish hills in the distance are lost in a beautiful perspective: the high woody hill in front of the house on the opposite side of the Tavey, already mentioned, gradually slopes to the west; but it continues its height, for a considerable way up the river, occasionally affording fine projections of rock.

The next interesting feature of the Tavey is a scene above Maristow, known by the name of Lophill; it is composed of a fine limekiln, which, as well here as on the Tamer, has a greater length, and more picturesque appearance, than those on the other rivers; a large farm-house,

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